

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1970

A faint, grayscale background image of a classical building, possibly a library or university hall, featuring four prominent columns and a pedimented roof. The image is intentionally faded and out of focus.

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The Study

3233 THE BOULEVARD, WESTMOUNT

FOUNDED 1915. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



Headmistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.

Vice-Principal

MRS. HALDANE SCOTT, B.A., M.A.T.



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DEDICATED

with affection and gratitude

to

Miss Katharine Lamont



MISS LAMONT

MISS LAMONT

Through eighteen years Miss Lamont has made The Study a unique experience. In that time, the school has grown in several ways. First and most obvious, it has come to include two buildings and a kindergarten. Studyites have become very much involved in social work; and The Study has what is universally recognized as a very high academic standard. But these are only symptoms of the really important development: that, somehow, rational thinking and an intensely active interest in learning have become a way of life here.

Whether this unfashionable disease of logic was congenital or contracted at the University of Toronto or at Oxford, where Miss Lamont took her M.A., is immaterial; in any case, it is evidently she who is the carrier. History classes, with their quantity of "mental gymnastics", are sufficient proof of that, and of more:

Of, for instance, her unfailing courtesy; of her patience; of her irrepressible sense of the absurd; of her thorough knowledge of, and fascination with, her subject. Of her scrupulous avoidance of "talking down" to the less intelligent or less well-informed. Above all, of an indefinable quality which has made of History something rather extraordinary -- not the more or less interesting conglomeration of dates, names, and loosely connected pieces of cause and effect that one had to study, but a part of life and intelligence. Every girl who participated in her History classes can probably remember a moment when she became suddenly aware of the transition; for myself that moment came on a Friday afternoon at the Battle of Leuctra, when the "flying column" and Sparta's downfall abruptly made vivid, concrete, inevitable sense.

It was never necessary for Miss Lamont to make an open attack on the compartments into which all students tend to divide their brains; an indirect and effective lesson in unpackaging thought was given us in Upper IV Scripture one day, when she read T. S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men" by way of preparing us for the style of the prophet Ezekiel. Her originality was also evident in her impersonations — Cato, Marat, an emancipated Russian serf . . .

Miss Lamont has applied the same type of rational originality to the administrative tangles which appear in every school. Her most unusual talent, however, and the talent at the same time most taken for granted, is her ability to maintain a direct individual relationship with every member of the school. Incredibly, she can remember the personalities of all two hundred and fifty odd Studyites, even of those to whom she is still less a person than a personage. Those of us with problems have found her ready with warm sympathy and constructive assistance.

Miss Lamont's understanding, authority and imagination have directed and formed The Study. Teachers and students not fortunate enough to have known her personally will feel the continuing influence of her sincerity and intellectual integrity.



MRS. REIFFENSTEIN

There is no one now in the school, young or old, who can remember it without Mrs. Reiffenstein. She has been a part of its backbone ever since the day when she undertook to fill in in an emergency in the middle of a year. She did not intend the arrangement to be permanent but it was, and she remained as head of the mathematics department, always ready to explain everything. As form mistress in the upper school she showed an understanding of young girls that was not limited to the classroom. What had they had for breakfast? Sometimes it turned out that they had sneaked out without anything. After a few wise words they turned up next week announcing that now it was both milk and eggs. Since nothing in the academic field ever stands still, the new mathematics suddenly raised its head. Mrs. Reiffenstein was all courteous amiability, willing to go to any number of meetings, to use any number of books, to add to her time-table to give her classes practice in new methods, to help individuals in the early hours of the morning. This last was a simple way round the fact that her time-table was too heavy for coaching. For the last four years she has carried additional responsibility as Sixth Form mistress and the senior member of the staff. Already experienced in working on time-tables, she also undertook the invigilation and all the special examinations and all the detail which oils the wheels. No detail has been too small for her interest, no difficulty too awkward for her sympathy. On several occasions she has taken charge of the school and presided over it very gracefully — and it was an emergency appointment!



MISS MALACHOWSKI

Sixteen years ago The Study got adopted. It did not know what was happening but it needed teachers for German and junior mathematics. It found the combination and Miss Malachowski found the type of school she had been looking for. Ever since it has been her large family, to tidy up and teach and force to think. The mediocre mathematicians were told to work it out for themselves and learned about life while learning decimals. The new mathematics was only more and better things to work out. Somehow in the process there was a good deal of laughter. The first group of German students numbered two; today there are eighty-three in the school, and old girls travelling abroad send back postcards in German. They all found it hard work with fringe benefits — German Christmas parties until the numbers grew too great, Easter egg hunts in the German fashion, German plays at La Poudrière and the weekends in the Laurentians for the senior classes. Several enterprising groups have made up their own German plays, one fourth form as a surprise for the teacher; and she was surprised. The form mistress was rarely surprised. Every class in the middle school has had experience of her uncanny insight and her very high and quite unyielding standards. They knew that they had a judge completely fair and a very kind friend — how often a champion behind the scenes they did not know. Miss Malachowski's adopted family will miss her.



PREFECTS — Left to Right — Diana Mackenzie, Sally Morgan-Grenville, Ruth Tait (Head Girl), Jill McMaster (Sub-Head), Margaret DeJong (Games Captain).

EDITOR

MARGOT LOUIS

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

GINNY DIXON
JUDY ELDER
CATHY McKINNON
MARY MINTY
PENNY RANKIN

SUZY OATES
TARA SHAUGHNESSY
JANE SKELTON
RUTH TAIT
DANIELLE VERPAELST

SIXTH FORM 1970

"Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlewomen."



Ruth Tait

"No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness."

Swaddled in raccoon, oblivious to the honks of frustrated drivers, a strange figure pursues literature down Westmount Avenue. When she arrives at The Study, Ruth adopts an even more disconcerting attitude: clutching her little blue book and ticking off items with a mad gleam in her eyes, our Head Girl roams the school muttering dates and names to herself. But this apparent absent-mindedness is deceptive; the smooth efficiency with which the Bazaar was run testifies to that. Almost the only class member awake and inspired for first-period English, she is also an athletic star "of the first magnitude", and, with her contagious laugh and cherished cup of tea, should definitely go far.

Jill McMaster

"Love is a Many-Splendoured Thing."

Each morning at a quarter to nine, Jill saunters into the classroom, serenely unconscious of her car parked in the no-parking zone across the street. Most of her day is spent discussing her two great passions: riding and soap operas. Her insistence on keeping the porch door open on the most inclement days has started a full-scale feud with the more fragile class members. However, she maintains her cheerful grin even when struggling with her unruly horse. The Head of Kappa Rho is also a very competent and efficient Sub-Head of the school, as well as a great basketball player (now, if she could only get the ball in the basket!).



Margaret DeJong

"You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind."

The first of a long line of DeJongs to graduate from The Study, Margaret combines academic and musical brilliance with an enthusiasm for athletic activity apparent to all who have watched, with fascinated eyes, the airy grace with which her pencil soars to the ceiling in class. The same perfect shots can be seen when she scores in basketball (Margaret is Games Captain of Delta Beta as well as of the school). When not patrolling the halls on prefect duty and confiscating candies (vile rumour whispers she consumes them herself), the Head of D. B. may be discovered playing grave hymns or tackling Physics problems with disgusting ease. Her passion for skiing notwithstanding, Margaret has suffered considerably from Jill's predilection for fresh (and frigid) air; we only hope the Welsh climate will be less drastic.





Leslie Banks

"The invasion of Italy? Well, uh, the Italians might not be too enthusiastic . . ."

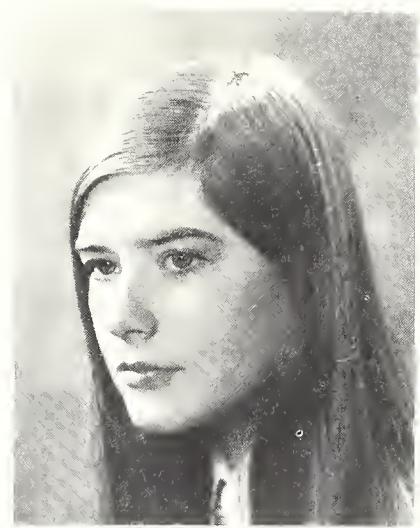
Tall, blonde and athletic (one of the Valkyrie, perhaps?), Leslie has led Mu Gamma to heights in sports hitherto undreamed-of. Her frequent trips to the Lower School to wash glasses after break have earned her the title of "Official Cookie Snatcher"; she is also proficient at volleyball and basketball. Invaluable to both the Library and the Piano Committees, Les is one of the most dependable, friendly members of the Sixth Form. She has, alas, one vice. Shameful to confess, she is a Maple Leafs fan! We hope, however, that she will see the error of her ways and root instead for the Habs.

Ginny Dixon

"To be loved, be loveable."

Since Lower B the class Rembrandt has brightened The Study with her posters and sketches. Assuredly, Ginny is destined to starve in a garret — if not as a penniless artist, then as a penniless actress. It does seem at times as though ill fortune dogs her path: having arrived punctually at eight for drama rehearsal, she usually finds the rehearsal cancelled, and one may hear her low moan: "Do you realize I could be in bed right now?"

Ginny is also a dynamic member of the Library and Magazine Committees. Her long fair hair, blue eyes, and enviable slenderness give her a fragile, spiritual air belied by the strange quiet this year in normally clamorous Kappa Rho. (Or have she and Jill developed a new weapon?)



Amanda Fisher

"Silence is a true friend, who never betrays . . ."

Amanda has discovered that ink is a very rewarding medium, especially on a green pencil-case; perhaps her reputation as one of the quieter members of the class is due to this absorption with the aesthetic. Her ingenuous grin appears in the library as well as in house-meetings — Amanda is Sub-Head of Delta Beta — and may be a clue to her popularity, especially with the small. Her ambition is to teach in nursery school, where her patient friendliness should be an enormous asset.

It is not enough, however, to counterbalance the intense irritation she gave non-driving VI-Formers by letting her driver's permit expire without bothering to renew it or get her license. Oh, well! Amanda is Amanda — and with a smile like that, who could resist? "I wouldn't know."





Lucy Kerrigan

"It's not that I don't understand — I'm just not sure what I'm doing."

Until she was awarded a hymn book for astounding reading ability in Lower B, Lucy's enthusiasm for school was debatable. However, she is now one of the most involved in the form; she is, in fact, known and sincerely liked by all the younger Studyites. This magic with children is her special gift, and she plans to exploit it as a teacher.

Is her popularity a Kerrigan conspiracy for a **coup d'état**? It could be. She seems to have innumerable cousins and family connections, especially in her Knowlton hide-out where she spends weekends dreaming of horses and/or avidly skiing. Lucy, who inspired the stuffed animal table at the Bazaar, has contributed a great deal to The Study; and we all wish her luck for next year, when she will challenge the Alps.

Sylvia Little

"... That knits up the ravell'd sleeve..."

Certain marvelously-knitted scarves appeared at the Bazaar, and as hastily disappeared into the bags of eager shoppers. Close examination of the artistic arrangement of colour proved their creator could only be Sylvia, who is an extraordinarily accomplished painter. The more mundane chore of rolling pennies with Suzy finds her fingers just as deft as in sketching or knitting.

Swimming, skiing, volleyball or basketball — Sylvia excels in practically every known sport; she has incredible energy, as her powerful serves at volleyball indicate (though "indicate" is a euphemism!). Whatever she does next year, her determination and happy disposition will bring her success, and we wish her good luck — even though she hardly needs it!



Margot Louis

"So if there's a poem of mine that you do understand, I'll gladly explain what it means till you don't understand it."

Usually Madame Editor (whose opening words in any discussion are, "Have you worked for the Magazine?") can be seen writing threats, petitions, or mysterious quotations on the blackboard; occasionally, however, she retreats in despair to her private ivory tower in the library. From this lofty eminence she descends — reluctantly — to play in prayers.

A quiet person, she moved up to the front of the class to be audible to the teachers — only to find she had to repeat everything at least twice for the benefit of the back row. If she survives this traumatic experience, her probable destination is Smith College.





Diana Mackenzie

“... And witch the world with noble horsemanship.”

Di's organizational abilities invariably stun us; apart from being a conscientious prefect and enthusiastic Vice-President of the Federation, she is the most efficient and, one might add, fanatic Head of Mu Gamma. (Her chill blue stare at an offender is occasionally compared to the glare of the basilisk.) Fortunately, she can escape from the frustrations of Friday house-meetings on weekends with her grey pony Goosey (Di's riding gave her a Junior Championship at M&HW in '68), and on weekdays her wrath is commonly vented on innocent basketballs. Her future is still uncertain, but whether she rides into college or into the sunset her energy and — er — persistence will assure triumph.

Louise Marin

*“Say what you mean, mean what you say,
Be yourself in this world of today.”*

The popularity of this ray of sunlight from Ste. Anne de Bellevue is evident in the shrill greetings which echo in Study halls (“Hiya kid!” ?!). Plainly, our Head of Beta Lambda has decided to rule through love. She is the latest member of the class . . . in every sense. Her sprawling handwriting baffles the staff — or, at least, used to; it has improved somewhat, due to Mrs. Willmott's efforts, but it is still, as it were, characteristic.

Lou's carefree expression takes on a touch of smugness in Algebra, as she encourages those who haven't yet passed their matrik in it. Next year, she intends to study psychology at McGill, paying the tuition fees with the revenue from her newspaper route.



Sally Morgan-Grenville

“Come, sit down, every mother's daughter, and rehearse your parts.”

As dutiful prefect and Head of the Drama Club, Sally frequents the gym at all manner of unearthly hours, comforted only by the consciousness of her aristocratically hyphenated name. Her calm efficiency in the face of the most frustrating problems was displayed this year, not only at rehearsals, but also at the Bazaar, where she contrived to cut paper table-cloths into exactly the right size for the tea. On consideration, this feat seems more and more difficult to believe, as her usual encounters with numbers and measurements are notoriously unfortunate. Her brilliantly imaginative Latin translations occasionally receive less appreciation than they deserve, but for all that her sane, sunny disposition will always carry her to success.



Suzy Oates

"Today is the first day of the rest of your life — make it count."

A cheerful "Good morning!", a bright smile — and our incurably neat treasurer is suddenly besieged by an unprepared class in her capacity of Math. instructor, ten minutes before a test. How we could ever have survived without Suzy, nobody can imagine. Who else would play an impromptu hymn when a member of the Piano Committee defaulted — and provide Kleenex to wipe up that member's tears of gratitude? Her angelic smile is ubiquitous, and famous as far as Australia. Physics, rolling pennies, and Math. (as aforesaid) are her chief delights. Even then most diet-conscious Suzy maintains her optimism and efficiency, and we can only envy Neuchâtel, where she appears next year.

Penny Rankin

"Condemn the fault but not the actress."

Penny's enthusiasm and originality have sparked several heated discussions in class; she admits that the secret of her intelligence could be the way she bumps her head nightly. Her frequent attacks of Osgood-Slater's disease just before Drill don't seem to have affected her slim figure, nor the energy that makes her Chairman of the Library Committee, Sub-Head of Beta Lambda, Member of the Magazine Committee, and baker of chocolate cookies. Regretfully, and despite extra Algebra lessons, she confesses to little mathematical genius, but her poetry more than compensates, and this, with her distinctive personality, should make for a wonderful year at Maison de Mally.



Tara Shaughnessy

*"Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning."*

Our famous skier is a source of considerable pride to the class. Her propensity for snoring quietly in class is an extraordinary display of student-teacher communication, and her peculiar faculty of making herself scarce in Drill is the wonder of all those who lack her resource and fertile imagination. Her famous Dapper Dan jeans and red felt hat make her a spot of colour on the Westmount scene; in short, she is in all ways a remarkable individual. Unless occupied with library duties or directing plays in the gym, Tara is generally found in her private corner, jotting down witty epigrams or composing more serious poetry.



Elizabeth Slaughter

"It isn't enough to exasperate others — you've got to remember to gladden yourself."

Friendly, light-hearted, a lover of meatloaf and "sticky paper" (but not in juxtaposition), Liz has brightened Study life since and including Lower B. Her athletic ability is great (she is a valuable member of the first basketball team), but in volleyball she utilises instead her talent for the hilarious; and thus, from the very beginning, sets the opposing team at a distinct disadvantage — rolling ignominiously on the floor. But her enthusiasm may compensate for this underhand manoeuvre; the ball sometimes hits the ceiling or the back wall.

Athletics apart, however, Liz has contributed a great deal to The Study, and her more serious side is shown in Drama Club, where her sense of responsibility is an uncommon asset. Next year she plans to go to college (complete, no doubt, with yoghurt).

Danielle Verpaelst

"...A sentimental passion for the vegetable fashion..."

Forever mobbed by French-haunted Sixth-Formers, Dany finally rebelled and turned up one morning completely unrecognizable. By the time we realized she had cut her hair, she had escaped to the Sitting Room with Suzy. (The Inseparables indulge in nameless orgies — with cookies — every break, upstairs.) The Official Sixth Form Secretary is also an enthusiastic rider and cryptographer. She and Suzy have their own sign language, which gives Algebra the air of some Oriental rite; however, as their code invariably puts them into fits of laughter, we doubt if it has much to do with Mathematics. Still, it brightens our day, and we all hope she laughs herself into Marianopolis. Good luck wherever you go, Dany!



EDITORIAL

Sunlight moving through leaves, rhythmic
gay leaves' tantalizing rustling through sunlight
music flickers

counterpoint
to summer's harmony of earth and sky

wind over the spirituals climbing up humanity
twists about clouds, playing with summer
birds and leaves and their own music
(and the thunder-snaps of distant factories)

but when we have conquered, this will stay
in the air we ruined, lilting about
the fallen stone,
the tombs of abstract passionate men,
the deliberate discord of mortability;
sunlight moving through leaves, rhythmic
gay leaves' tantalizing rustling through sunlight
gone into shadow will leave their unknown songs for eternity.

Margot Louis
VI



Creative Arts



PET PEEVES

Did you hear about the dog who was listed in the New York phone book in case "his friends wanted to phone him"? Or the Great Dane who went to a wedding in top hat and tails? Or the two Saint Bernards who follow their owner everywhere in their own chauffeured station-wagon?

Pets are unfortunately becoming less like animals and more like little furry people. They have come to symbolize a great many things other than companionship. For example, a pet is now a child substitute, like the dog a couple bought when their only son left for college. One can only imagine the life of that poor dog loved and cared for, not for himself, but for the sake of loving and caring for something. Guilt-ridden parents who worry about their behaviour towards their children try and make up for it by smothering their poor pet with love.

Or perhaps the pet is a status symbol like those domesticated ocelots, alligators, and monkeys. Their owners buy them to impress their friends and are people like Mr and Mrs Society who insist how cute their little Reginald is and lavish affection on him until the day the little lion cub mauls them and eats them out of house and home. They then dump him on the local zoo and soon forget about him. Some people have pets because it is a way of subconsciously exercising power and of course what kind of pet you choose gives a definite clue to your own personality.

According to specialists, one in five people who own a dog shouldn't, and this goes for other pets as well. Pets, unable to fight back, suffer terribly from unthinking owners. Some of these include the pet hypochondriac who is continually worrying that Fifi is not as healthy as he should be. So, once a week or so she drags him to the local, by now exasperated, veterinarian who tells her it's all in her mind. Then there is the owner who seems to be reliving her doll-playing childhood by dressing-up her crocodile or curling her poodle's hair or continually changing her fish from one exotic bowl to another. Other owners pass on their own phobias and eccentricities to their poor cat or dog, leaving them to suffer without their own veterinarian turned psychiatrist.

Understood and used properly, pets are invaluable as used for therapy. A person unable to live with other humans but afraid to live by himself benefits greatly from a cat, dog or bird. Seeing dogs are vital to the blind. Animals and especially dogs can be an immense help to psychiatrists treating mentally disturbed children. They help establish a contact with the extremely introverted child and eventually using the dog the psychiatrist is able to draw the child out.

Pets are wonderful for a family and their merits have been recognized. For example, "The dog is man's best friend" and "Every boy should have a dog". However, people have become definitely neurotic when they buy hair-pieces for dogs and lace nightgowns for cats. They take their alligators for rides and give their pumas a pint of beer before bed. A classic example of pet neuroticism, was that of Ronald Reagan who spent \$250.00 in putting himself and his mongrel through a psychotherapy course when he found he wasn't getting along with the mutt. In my opinion, the money could have been much better spent on his fellow man. Humans should be loved and treated well first and then animals and even then no neurotics. They only destroy themselves and their poor unfortunate pets.

Pets are important for they reflect the feeling and treatment of the members of the family to whom they belong. Even today, the psychiatrist depends on the attitudes of these domesticated animals to give him clues about the owner. Some even believe the day is coming when your dog may be a canine therapist for you. So, neurotics beware, the next time you buy your kitten a negligee think of the day which may be coming when you are feeling depressed and she climbs up beside you on the sofa, notebook in hand, and purrs, "Now, Mrs. Smith, relax and tell me everything . . ."

Catherine McKinnon
Upper V
Public Speaking Competition

HAVE YOU EVER

Have you ever wished yourself away?
Or wished it were another day?
Have you ever flunked a test?
Knowing you did your very best.
Have you ever been alone?
Yet you weren't lonesome.
Have you ever loved to live,
To help others, give?
Have you ever had a thought,
One that never came to ought?
Have you ever been alive,
Or did you long since die?
Have you ever loved somebody,
Next day gone, nobody?



Debby Carter
Upper V

A BOOK WORM

One day I opened up a book,
And I gave a little look.
This is what I clearly saw:
A little worm about to gnaw.



FEIGNED BELIEVERS

Stand on thrones
Feigned believers,
You rule the world —
Preposterously.

All in domes
Of equal thoughts,
For you to follow —
Unconsciously.

Your sentiments are bought
For any price,
Neglecting the thought —
Necessary.

Do you believe that
We're at your stake,
To live or die —
Insignificantly?

Louise Keefer
Upper IV

It was dressed up all in green,
The cutest worm I'd ever seen.
"Do not eat that book", I said,
"It is one I have not read".

Sydney Fisher
Upper IV

THE BOMB

Bounce little world
Bounce good and strong,
Bounce little world
'Cause it won't be for long.
God might have made you
But he surely won't save you
Because he also made humans,
And humans do wrong.

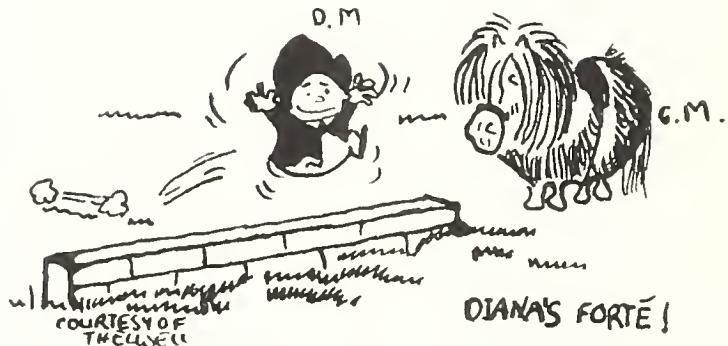
Ruth Common
Upper IV



a drop
of salty
and frothy
foam
(whipped cream)
caresses my
eyelid
sleep comes
ever so sweetly



Tara Shaughnessy
VI



THE LEGEND OF THE LEAVES

In the beginning, when God created the first trees, the leaves were pearly white, but then God decided to have creatures to run wild in His beautiful world: some in the air, some on land, and many in the waters. As God's first summer wore on, a terrible thing happened to the creamy colored leaves. The more they watched the creatures in the air and on the land, the more they wanted to crawl on the earth's surface, and fly through the cool air. The poor little leaves, from their perches, grew so envious that, before they knew it, their beautiful complexions had turned green! As the first summer drew to an end, some of the leaves turned red with anger, because they were furious at being unable to free themselves. Others who were afraid of the creatures, turned a cowardly yellow, and those who had mixed feelings became orange.

Then, one day, there came a wind; a wind so strong it blew the gaily colored leaves free. For the first time in their lives the leaves danced through the air just as freely as the birds. As the gusts of wind died down, the overjoyed leaves floated to the ground. There they were blown along the cool earth and glided through the waving grasses just like the snakes and lizards. After many days of playing in the air and on the ground, the exhausted but happy leaves felt that all their wishes, except to regain the pearly whiteness of their complexions had been granted by God. They were ready to die. One by one, as the wind gradually ceased blowing, the tired leaves lay down in happiness.

The world grew quiet, and from high in the sky the dying leaves saw, racing toward them, glistening crystals. In minutes the leaves were white and their last wish had been granted. God had not forgotten them.

The first summer had passed, and now, silently, the first winter began.

God had loved the leaves, and so, when the second spring came again, He placed the little green buds on the branches of all the trees, and from the first summer until now, the leaves had led the same happy lives as their ancestors led before them.

Wendy Goodall
Upper IV

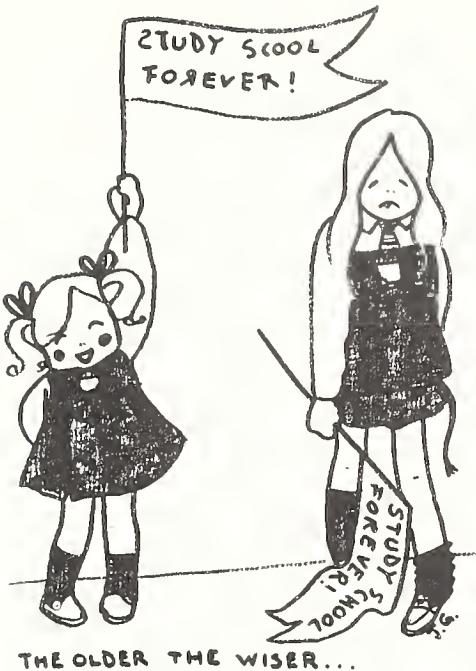
THE TRIBE

At the pounding of the drum,
And the quickening of the heart,
At the setting of the sun
The spear has found its mark.

The tribe begins to dance and sing,
Waiting for the tribal feast,
They have formed an evil ring,
Ready for the beast.

At the sounding of the call,
And the signal from their chief,
Beast is eaten quick by all,
What is left? It's very small.

No! a carcass left upon the ground
A heap of bones in one mound,
What kind of beast was eaten so?
A man of course, you did not know?
We told him so.



Alison Galt
Upper V

A roar of the tide
the angry turmoil
of waves
greeting the beach
pounding it
'til the very particles of
sand
are bruised
and cry out
'cruel sea'.

Tara Shaughnessy
VI



OF HUMAN BONDAGE

The soul on the printed page
was unsealed
heartrendingly vulnerable
to warmth
or
to chill.

My whim —
to coldly criticize
or warmly understand?
No choice.
For somewhere in that soul
there corresponded
stray wanderings of my own,
so recognisable
that the pain of true empathy
so strongly felt,
so rarely experienced
surpassed the smug complacency
of my own being.
More natural than myself,
it was more me than ego.
Face to face
with myself.

Ruth Tait
VI

REFLECTIONS

"Scientifically speaking, reflections are merely illusions: the effects of light rays bouncing off a polished surface. They are unreal and impermanent, and, therefore unimportant." Such a statement typifies our casual, illogical, and, indeed unscientific approach to the immaterial. A painting without the artist's or spectator's delight in its beauty is only so much coloured canvas, and enjoyment is evidently an intangible; and yet we tend to dismiss the "unreal" at once as the insignificant. This is especially true of reflections.

Yet our entire lives are spent threading a fantastic maze walled by mirrors. For, first, we actually see not an object itself but the light it repels; and, second, all truth is blurred and distorted by the mirrors of our minds. "For now we see through a glass, darkly . . ." We dare not, in fact, look at the truth directly; like sunlight it pains and dazzles our eyes. Therefore reflections and unrealities rule our lives.

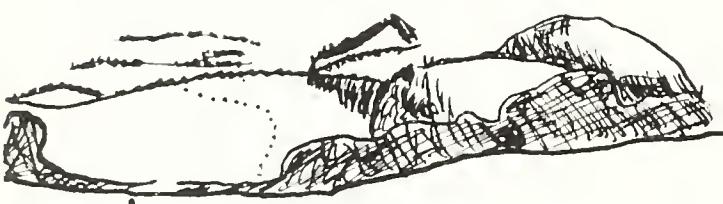
Human beings, by preference, allow their cerebral life to reverse the natural pattern: their minds, figuratively speaking, keep to the night and the conveniently inconstant light of the moon. The sunlight of reason is too harsh. It is significant in this context, however, to note that the natural moon, the mirror of "the life-giving sun", is often regarded in folklore as the purveyor of death and madness. In the human subconscious is the knowledge that the reflections and unrealities with which we live are still more perilous than truth, and must eventually destroy us. The Legend of Narcissus, for instance, is a clear statement of this belief: that our perverted love for "shadows of the world" rather than for the world itself is suicidal.

But if we are surrounded by falsity, where and what is the truth? Plato believed all material objects were only reflections of an ideal, and the artificiality of our normal life appears to support him; perhaps, then, the supposed reflection is in fact the reality, and we are only unreal shadows of that which we see in the mirror.

The life the sun gives has already been proved to be, for man at least, little more than a labyrinth of reflections. It may very well be, then, that the shadows of the night are less dangerous than the shadows of the day. For if the moon makes lunatics, her light must be the truth feared rather than everyday unreality, since insanity is the rejection of reality. Artemis' beauty maddens only those too cowardly to approach it. From this point of view, Narcissus' tale is not sinister, but triumphant: he had the courage to love his image's perfection, and his death in the attempt to achieve that ideal was a victory.

Margot Louis
VI

Alexander Hutchison
Essay Competition
First Prize (tied)



THE WINNER

Once upon a time a long time ago there was a little man three feet tall. This man was very poor so all he had in his house was a lonely pineapple. Now this was poor too because he never got any food so he looked like a prickly dull-coloured ball. One day the man whose name was Mr. Wiggle Wobble found a job as a printer. He did try hard but his fingers were so wobbly that all his writing turned out to be like a dog's so his boss fired him. When Mr. Wiggle Wobble went walking home he saw a sign saying: "CONTEST FOR THE LONELIEST PINEAPPLE — WINNER GETS A THOUSAND DOLLARS". Mr. Wiggle Wobble thought a moment and then said: "I have a lonely and poor pineapple. I will bring it to the show and if I win I will get another pineapple." Mr. Wiggle Wobble was so happy he ran down the street and ran into the house and kissed his pineapple. The next day it was Pineapple Day. The man got dressed, took his pineapple and ran to the show. When they got there, there were many other pineapples but they did not look lonely. When it came to judging time the judges picked Mr. Wiggle Wobble's pineapple and he won a thousand dollars and the rest of his life was happy.

Judy Hecht
Lower III



THE FINAL EXPERIENCE

The troubled boy lifted the needle to his arm . . .

— First, a curling, crazy, confusing charm;
With colours and flowers dashing his mind —
Ribbons falling like snakes; what next will be find ?
A trickle, a stream, a torrent, a flood!
Red, pounding red, throbbing red! Red blood —
Bloodied men, and boys, and girls, and women . . .
A crusted land of continuous famine . . .
Brown mud bubbles in burning heat —
Soldiers march, dying on blistered feet
In war! War and killing, killing and war . . .
The shriek of a shot! A thud on the floor.
An agonized mother; a coffin to bear —
Within lies a victim of hopeless despair.
A victim of the final experience.

Away
with the new
light
I flew
circular motion
perpetual commotion
without locomotion
then down
dashed on the
rocks
torn, ripped
sliced and
chopped
left to bleed
warmth for
cold
icy boulders
washed by the sea
spray; the saltiness of the waves
drenches my thoughts in
soggy
nothingness.

Tara Shaughnessy
VI

Jennifer Goddard
Upper IV



Every Joy is Gain, and Gain is Gain, However Small

I laughed — and with this avowal of joy I joined another piece to the puzzle — a piece of happiness. Glowing there amidst black splotches of disillusionment, frustration and despair, among grey patches of frustration, tedium and disappointment, it surprised with its triumphant incandescence. My laughter subsided, but the light remained.

When feeling circumspect or thoughtful, I reflect on the puzzle — muse at the continuous waves of blacks and greys, darkening, brightening, merging into the pattern of my life. My gaze broods lingeringly on the individual pieces, along the divergent paths of shadows, lit throughout with flashes of radiant, glorious light. The lights, like the shadows, have degrees of brightness — each beckoning the varying nature of my joy. Some blaze flamingly, some glow gently, expanding, sending gold threads through the darkness. None waver or flicker — all are constant, lending themselves repeatedly to my contemplation and reinforcement. My smallest pleasure, my remotest satisfaction — all are recorded here and glow as steadfastly as my wildest ecstasy or most prolonged joy.

Analyzing the puzzle as though, graphlike, it could predict future joys and explain past griefs, I interpret the maze of interlocking pieces. How clearly the joy of communication, of shared thoughts and dreams, glows — how brilliantly yet gently the joy of love and friendship, how steadfastly that of fulfillment. The puzzle is my unit of identity, reflecting me, expressing my life — yet many pieces are beyond my control, handled and fitted by others. I watch and wonder, hoping for the best, fearing the worst — black, grey or white? What shades have I carelessly been fitting into other puzzles? Whatever the ultimate outcome and arrangement of the puzzle — one glorious fact remains — the indisputable gain of joy. They illumine the path, brighten the way — and so the pieces fall into place and the pattern grows, gaining and meaning.

Completed, the puzzle slides off the collapsed board and breaks into innumerable pieces, scattering an existence helter-skelter on the floor. Pieces of sorrow, hope, disenchantment and joy lie heaped in random piles — each now an entity of human experience — a separate unit of feeling. Amidst these piles, the glowing luminescence of joy proclaims the true gain — the rapturous reality of having been, of being still and of continuing to be.

Reflecting still, with incredulous wonder, I laughed again.

Ruth Tait
VI

Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition
First Prize (tie)



SHORT THOUGHTS

Opening: A young bud opens its petals as quickly as an infant doth open his eyes at birth.

The factory stack resembles somewhat a giant, ugly, suffocating cigarette, and surely we shall all die coughing.

Debby Carter
Upper V

REFLECTIONS

Gazing across an expanse of water, kneeling to quench one's thirst reflections of a figure, of a beauty which is unreality, which is truthful, which is reality. The tremors of water disrupt the peace, the harmony of the beholder; time fades in the heat of the sad sun's waves and rays, in the sun's reflections.

Reflecting on a past of hate, harm, happiness, love . . . Reflecting on time gone by. Remembering faces, words, thoughts, hopes, small idiosyncrasies, fears, troubles and, oh yes — loves.

There are reflections of physical beauties, of land, of flowers, of sculptures, of dreams.

Across that which I see
A sea of turned up flower heads
nod in approval of the morning's wake
That bright round shape has risen
and I in flowing gowns of mysticism
float with the motion of a gull
down to kiss each flower
The petals soft with twilight's gentleness
surround me in this gold
my head flies back I jump
I fall
I never touch the ground.

Remembering, wandering through the past where images are only distorted by the erosion of the memory by time. Reflections through a prism of life, your life, is bright with the colours of happiness when it is held to the sun. Reflections through the prism of life, our life and yours, is dark when held to the black of the night sky. Reflections of stars which have shone on those who are not to be remembered . . .

Somewhere there must have been a man who stood and looked up at the sky reflecting upon his past, a shadow being the only reflection of him. This man stands, then sits down in the cold of the night to face the end both courageously and cowardly.

Once upon a time I ran barefoot in a field. Once I climbed a stile and walked along a fence carefully planting my feet in a straight line. Once I played hopscotch on the street. Once upon a time, a long time ago it looked as though I was going to live happily ever after.

The golden age that is childhood drifts lazily into the cold crisp world of today. It is a cruel world, war. It is a warm world, wish.

Reflecting on the past, the present and the future is reflecting on mankind. That what you see in these thoughts are reflections:

A symphony of light
Springs before our lives
In the dark
It is a reflection of Hope once held
It is a reflection of Hope yet to be held by me.

Once upon a time, a long time ago, it looked as if all reflections of glory and beauty and happiness, goodness and love would live happily ever after.

Penny Rankin
VI

AUTUMN

I like autumn in every way,
With leaves falling everyday,
The leaves are bright and swishing down,
Just like a little circus clown,
I like it when I walk to school,
To walk right through a leafy pool,
I like autumn in every way,
Because it is so bright and gay.

Heidi Borner
Upper A

WHY?

I was lying on the dock on a warm summer's day, basking in the sun. My mind was also at rest, and as I lay there, I felt warm and content. I closed my eyes, but I was not really asleep, and I felt just as though it was morning and I was lying in bed, semi-conscious. Then, suddenly, imperceptibly, the relaxed picture in my mind changed. An eerie blackness, which looked like the sky was shown to me. According to the words below my mind's picture-screen, it was a sky — the first sky, and the beginning of the world. Then, I saw the evolution of man, indistinctly, but clearly enough to understand what it was. Then I began to think. I wondered what was before the earth, and the world as we know it today. That black sky that was shown to me before? That is something. Was there ever absolutely nothing? Why does this nothing have to be black?

I had many questions to ask, and no answers to give. Perhaps childish questions, but all the same, I wanted to know the answers. My mind was spinning like a top with this baffling and perplexing spectacle.

Then I began to wonder why the world was made. Why were all these millions of people created? I wondered when the world would be annihilated, if ever. Why was man created, if perhaps he would kill himself? — Still more questions.

Then I saw a bleak and desolated country. Not a living soul was on it. Not even a little plant. The air was smoky and grey, the earth a burned crust. To me, it was a terrifying scene.

I turned over and rested my head in my hands, and looked around me. The water passed by me in gentle ripples, pushed on by mild winds. The trees on the opposite shore were reflected in the water, and their shimmering reflections seemed to accentuate their bright colour. The hills just behind seemed to roll along as if in motion, as you imagine hills to do. Some of the trees had started to show their reds and yellows of autumn, but most were still green. Still more elevated were the hills just beyond this, climbing to reach the deep blue, cloudless sky.

My world was beautiful. I could not imagine it gone, or anything in its place. I could not imagine myself in that darkness — lifeless.

Yet, surely, someday, there would be no more of this beauty. Perhaps the beginning was as the end was going to be. Why, then, this breathing spell of life?

All these were just sudden thoughts that could not and would not be answered right away. These were questions that were and remain, impossible for me to answer.

Kate DeJong — Lower IV
Alexander Hutchison
Essay Competition
Middle School Prize

FEBRUARY MORNING

Long shadows across a pure white backyard,
Clear skies, and a small puppy on a long blue cord,
A Sunday calm across the gardens
That I can see from my back door.
And bells, church bells from the corner.
Yet to the front of the house
Cement blocks, dirty snow and the beginnings
Of a new, bigger, better and uglier gas station
Where men in blue like little bugs
Will dash about some months hence.
And past it all stream the old ladies, Bibles in hand,
On their way to Church,
The church on the corner.

Cathie McKinnon
Upper V

POEM

Childhood — dreams and
Fantasies that will
Forever dwell in us —
Perhaps silently but
Awakened by memories.
We were all young,
Happy. We played,
Imagined and
Loved.
When will we love again ?

Virginia Dixon
VI



OCTOBER

One frosty cold day I went outside and I could feel that Winter was coming. I said to myself look at the leaves swirling down and down till they tumble to the ground. I felt like dancing with the leaves. They were floating down and down till they could go no more. Then when a gust of wind came I would run and jump into the air and twirl around and around till I was on land again. I felt like a leaf — swishing and twirling around and around. That night before bed-time, I looked out of the window and saw that all the leaves had fallen on the ground and I felt sad that the leaves were falling. The next day the trees were bare.

Diane Beardmore
Upper A

OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY

Over the hill and far away in a place that is untouched by mortal hands, a land where people never think of power or money — except one inscrutable man who was possessed by greed and selfishness but most of all: power; this man being none other than the king! He was not really cruel; in fact, many people say that he was unhappy because his gloves were too tight! If this were true, it certainly made him very bad-tempered, unjust and most unbearable.

One day as he was sitting in the throne-room, eating hot muffins for breakfast, one of his courtiers happened to mention that he was looking rather disturbed and inquired of his health. The truth was, the courtier was quite right, however, the king being the king just happened to be in a terrible mood and demanded to know why he would be unhappy. The courtier hesitated and then replied that perhaps he felt guilty for executing twenty-four of his most loyal subjects that week and thus breaking the lawful execution record as well as upsetting his most favoured prisoner, that beautiful maiden Angelina (who was, by the way, kept prisoner because of her refusal to marry the king, who was wildly in love with her). The king was furious: he thrust his remaining muffin into the mouth of his courtier and called for the executioner. (Which made twenty-five.)

Later that day he was taking a walk with his guards when he observed that there were no roses in the garden. Immediately he summoned his feeble, old gardener who came rushing in and seemed to mumble a prayer as he did so. His rightful excuse was that the fertilizer that the king had ordered had been the wrong one and had killed all the roses. Naturally, the king did not accept this excuse and there was another call for the executioner. And so the days passed until soon the king had to appoint a new court. However, no one would take the risk of accepting even the highest ranks of honor. When the king found that he no longer had any servants or a court he flew into a rage. Never before had there been such a storm in the palace: the ceilings cracked, the chandeliers were shattered and the whole palace shook. But, alas, there was no one there to hear and to calm the furious king and no one to execute (for that matter there was no executioner). There was only the poor maiden Angelina, locked in the dungeon. She wept and wept when she heard of the king's ill-fortunes until her eyes were sore and red. For she was truly in love with the wicked king and saw many good things in him, but refused to marry a man who did not love his own people or rule them justly.

Finally, after three weeks, the king burst boldly out of his room and demanded his secretary to take down a letter of complaint to the emperor. When he remembered that he had no secretary he rushed down to the dungeon to see if the fair maiden Angelina was still there. What went on down there no one knows, but when the king came back with the maiden, he was certainly a different man. The fair maiden must have readily forgiven him for all his mistakes and the king, in desperation, must have listened to all she said. As all stories go, they were married soon after, and ruled justly and peacefully and no land was as fruitful and plentiful as the land over the hill and far away.

Liza Henderson
Upper III

HAIKU

End will come soon —
Too soon when it has
Come and then too
Late for regrets.

Virginia Dixon
VI



The shores are covered
with the wet of waves
I run alone leaving
memories of time melting
in the pebbles of my foot prints
I dance and turn with the
gift of eternity moving
as a shadow in the evening's twilight
no one caring, no one wanting
this freedom I have found and
have to share.

Penny Rankin
VI



**“To avoid criticism —
say nothing,
do nothing,
be nothing.”**

You sit alone
quietly
in a corner
never wanting
never caring
but you know not why
you say nothing.

You stand alone
safely
on the floor
never moving
never proving
but you still know not why
you do nothing.

You walk alone
always alone
along the street
never seeing
never being
but you will never know why
you are nothing.

Tara Shaughnessy
VI

FUTILITY

Staying; a viewer to ethereal Beauty,
And yet, unable to reach out
and touch —
Only to see.

Caught, by those abstract senses
of sight and thought,
Futility held by the desire to observe,
(and believe)
what is taught.

Surrounded; helplessly hoping to
understand,
Straining to break through the
ignorance —
that barrier
made by man.

Ending; that final forever curtain
is brought down.
The ceaseless groping finished,
but not with knowledge
that's too much.

Judy Elder
Upper V

Extraordinary lights of clouds
pass across the gentle inscrutable ballet
of leaves on shadowed water.
These glancing colours of wind
are never broken and neatly (to fit
the puzzle) jigsawed into completion,
nor forced into the temporary brilliance
of reality. These floated, drifted
with the deliberate knowledge of their creation
blown about them, relaxed in ripples
of unimaginable imagination
(paradox they shall have at their desire,
and paradise); passed tranquilly
through eternity, to welcome the fugitives
from brilliance into the sanctuary:
those who will dare the God. The quiet
priestesses, words, extraordinary lights
of clouds, meet in that immaculate ballet.

Margot Louis
VI

HAIKU

The peacock spread
his grand tail
In the wind,
To gain his mate's love

Marion Hecht
Vicky Gregory
Lower III

HAIKU

Skipping and laughing,
Crying and singing,
Idle pastimes of children.

Virginia Dixon
VI



SOLITUDE

Darkness covered everything,
only the noise of the surf could be heard.
But then it became louder and louder,
I was not alone anymore; they too had come to join me in my solitude.

Soon, I would be able to see them;
Under the moonlight they would appear, shimmering with beauty,
Their manes alight with fire,
Their wild eyes flaming, unchallenged and proud.

Every night they came by the ocean
running along the sandy beaches, a white giant in their lead.
But one night they were gone
as mysteriously as they had come, and I was alone again.

Danielle Verpaelst
VI

THE SEA — A DESCRIPTION

'Twas sunset, for the golden hued sun shone down unmerrily upon the whole crested waves. They mounted the green-grey rocks which lined the shore line.

The craggy old men of the sea then slipped back into their cool abode, stroking their white beards thoughtfully. Again they rushed upon the battlements, this time to reach higher and gain more ground.

When the green covers opened, a measureless cavern gapped wide before me. It yielded forth crimson, yellow and blue laces, delicate and intricately designed ladies' fans, plus roses.

I was an eavesdropper, not belonging to this enchanted world before me.

So I slipped away past the craggy old men, the palace of green marble, the beds of lace, the yellow carpet and past the battlements. Here was where I belonged — a lonely star, and intruder wherever I went.

Deirdre Stoker
Upper IV

LOWER SCHOOL





FIFTH ROW — Cynthia McCall, Jocelynn Friedman, Susan Seymour, Lys Hugessen, Caro Creighton, Vicky Stikeman, Liane Meland, Tara Stoker, Michele Guy, Ann Paterson, Dorothy Durnford, Patty Hollinger, Felicia Norris. *FOURTII ROW* — Wendy Coughlan, Cynthia Rhea, Melissa Phillips, Judy Hecht, Margot Walls, Jennifer Mather, Gigi Kippen, Susan Vipond, Anna Cope, Cathy Whittall, Nora McKim, Anna Dennis, Ellen Sieniewicz, Sarah Ivory, Vivian Halperin. *THIRD ROW* — Sandra Wrigley, Tey Cottingham, Susanna Gioia, Melissa Pitts, Suzy Barwick, Christine Scholes, Susan Oliver, Angela Brickenden, Linda Rudberg, Sara Price, Willa Stevenson, Susan Hood, Diana Bourke, Jocelyn DeJong, Gillian Newcomb, Holly Pangman. *SECOND ROW* — Shaura Fenichel, Carol Turner, Beverley Scholes, Tinnish Andersen, Annabel Hallward, Carlotta Stoker, Tricia Heward, Caroline Palmer, Tina Otto, Belinda Lewis, Evelyn Cheesbrough, Victoria Roffey, Jenny Hallward, Heather Avirth, Jane Whittall, Kate Dalglish. *FIRST ROW* — Claudia Lach, Linda Davis, Juliet Worthington-Wilmer, Gabrielle Korn, Caroline Rhea, Diane Farish, Anna Asimakopoulos, Kimberly Salomon, Melanie Barwick, Alexandra Elliot, Linda Mackenzie, Jane Howatson, Mary Lombard.



THE MOUSE

jane
the story of a sad
donkey once ther was
a no on sad donkey because
would ride him
and i saw him and
i knew that he wanted
someone to ride him
and so i did
and then he was
happy

There was a mouse
Who lived in a house,
This house was by the
Sea,
And every day
This mouse would play
By having friends for
Tea.

Melissa Phillips
Lower A

MY FARM

At my farm we have a cow,
Such a big, fat, funny cow.
She is big,
Yes, very big,
She looks exactly like a pig.

Jane Howatson
Kindergarten

Wendy Coughlan
Lower A

UP ON THE MOON

Up on the moon there are lots of things like moonmen with feelers. There are no moon people that don't know about the cow, who every hour jumps over the moon with a long mooooooo, it is not like a cuckoo clock at all. The only cat on the moon is a scardy-cat. Even when he's patted he is scared. One day he was walking, and he wasn't looking where he was going, and he stepped into a crater, and jumped a hundred miles into space, and that was the story of the scardy-cat.

Susan Vipond
Upper B



Margot Walls
Lower A

THE CEDAR WAXWING

I am a cedar waxwing. The winter is coming soon, and I will have to go south with my friends. I will leave today. When I got to the air-port my friends were not there. I waited a minute, but they still did not come, so I got all my belongings and I started to fly south, when all of a sudden my wings got weaker and weaker, until I fell to the ground. It was all snowy, and very cold, too. For a moment I was scared of the snow, but then I got used to it. Then I got up and looked around, but saw nothing. I was still very weak, and could not walk very well. Then I looked up and I saw the other birds. I waved my wing so that they would see me, and then the youngest bird said, "Look down there. I see a bird waving." So they all swooped down to see what was the matter. When they got down they saw that I had hurt my wing, so they mended my wing, and the next day they left to go south. I never went without my friends again.

Margot Walls
Lower A

I AM A FLAMINGO

I'm not really me, I'm a flamingo, and I have nice pale pink feathers. Sometimes I go from zoo to zoo, and the prettiest zoo that I went to was Lafontaine Park, because there were lots of other flamingos there. One was Jane, I am Nora and one was Suzy.

Nora McKim
Upper B

SPRING

Spring is so nice it makes me feel happy. Buds have opened and flowers have bloomed. The grass has turned green and birds are singing on the branches upon the trees. Water is running so free over the rocks they go. O, spring is a very nice thing.

Liane Meland
Lower A



On a snowy day
On school grounds
The sun was shining
On every house.
The weather was cold
And all you could see
Were dogtracks in the snow.

Judy Hecht
Lower A

THE LAND OF NOD (as originally written)

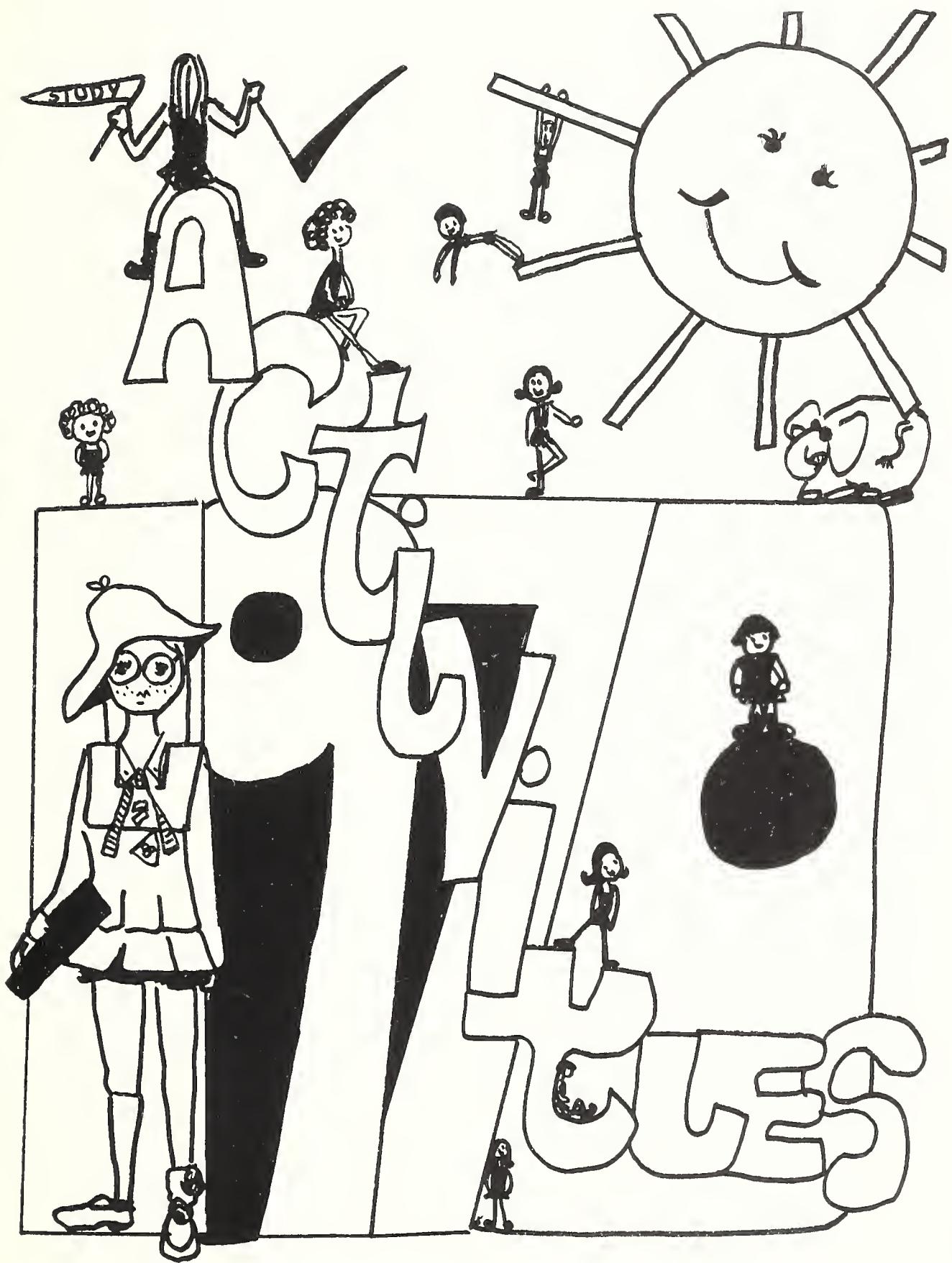
Every night when I go to sleep I go to Deem Land and I see things like green monsters. I mostly think of the nice things like fairys and Prinseses and marching toys, and little toy souldiers and on the way there there are purple and green moutons. On the way there there are leafs that look like a rainbow but when you get there it is warm and gentle music.

Susan Vipond
Upper B

SUZIE SNOWFLAKE

I am Suzie Snowflake and I like to fall from the sky and fall on people's heads. But I do not like to fall on the floor because people step on me.

Holly Pangman
Upper B





LIBRARY COMMITTEE

PENNY RANKIN (Chairman)
LESLIE BANKES
JACKIE BURFOOT
MARGARET DEJONG
GINNY DIXON
JUDY ELDER
AMANDA FISHER
LUCY KERRIGAN

JANICE KRAUT
MARGOT LOUIS
DAPHNE MACKENZIE
LOUISE MARIN
PHYLLIS MONTGOMERY
TARA SHAUGHNESSY
ELIZABETH SLAUGHTER
DANIELLE VERPAELST



THE VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION

Middle School Tied for first place Sandra DeJong, Lower III
 Kate DeJong, Lower IV

..... Honorable Mention Willa Black, Upper A
 Robin Rapoport, Upper A

Upper School First place Elizabeth Amsden, Lower V
 Honorable Mention Patsy Kirkpatrick, Lower V
 Diane Allison, Upper V

ART

Miss Tedeschi's art classes have enjoyed a very active year. Christmas murals appeared and the bazaar murals were amusing and informative. As well as beautifying the school, the classes made most attractive animals and flowers for the bazaar, which sold like hot-cakes.

Interesting excursions were taken to the Museum of Fine Arts for the "Baroque Paintings" exhibition, and the Musée d'Art Contemporain to see Léger's paintings.

Sylvia Little



Jill Morton
Upper IV
Winner-
Photography Competition

MUSIC

This year the music department began with two new teachers, Mrs. Cameron and Miss Giles, Miss Giles handling the Lower School and Mrs. Cameron instructing the Middle and Upper Schools with the invaluable help of Mrs. MacCallum as accompanist. The Christmas concert was certainly a tribute to their talent and was well up to the Study's excellent reputation. Unfortunately, due to ill health Mrs. Cameron was forced to leave after Christmas. Mrs. MacCallum then took over the Middle School music but, partly due to her overloaded time table, and partly due to a certain lack of enthusiasm on behalf of the Upper School, music for this section was discontinued. But the Summer term is here and with it are plans to reinstitute the Upper School music on a less compulsory basis and the Christ Church Cathedral shall once again ring with that sweet sound, Studyites singing!

Judy Elder

THE DRAMA CLUB REPORT

This year we had a record membership of forty and three productions. The season started with try-outs for the Christmas play, "Lucy". Cast were Linda Pacum as Lucy, Heather Ratcliff as Gramma, Elizabeth Reade as Aunt Grace, and Doone Patch and Jili Stikeman as the visitors. This play was successfully performed at the Christmas closing under the direction of Mrs. Willmott.

Diane Allison directed "Moonshine" and acted in it with Patsy Kirkpatrick. Anyway, the revenue officer masterfully outwitted Luke before the school in March. What did they really use in that bottle?

Meanwhile Tara Shaughnessy and Sally Morgan-Grenville had started on "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder. The cast worked hard learning three acts of lines and attending 8 a.m. ordeals. This paid off when the play was presented for the school just before Easter and again in April in an evening performance. It was proved that three-act plays are possible. We do still have a lot to learn, but this experience should be of help in future undertakings.

Congratulations actresses in all plays!

On the technical side Mrs. Willmott and her light crew introduced us to fabulous, sophisticated lighting. Tara Shaughnessy worked miracles in costuming. Debbie Carter learned the art of moustache-making while Elizabeth Slaughter perfected her cock-crow.

A special thank you to Mrs. Willmott for her interest and invaluable help in all areas.

Most important was everyone's tremendous co-operation which made success possible.

Thank you all!

Sally Morgan-Grenville



SPORTS REPORT

A new wave of energy burst into the school this year, in the form of Mrs. Wright, our gym teacher. With her cheerful smile and efficiency, she soon had us on scales and doing vigorous exercises in the gym. They brought results, despite the groans, as is shown by the successful outcome of this year's sports events.

In basketball we met with tough competition, but through great effort and many hours of practicing, both the first and second teams managed to win the cups. Two exhibition games were held with Westmount and Westhill High Schools which, although we did not win, were very exciting with close scores.

The two tennis teams had their annual meet at the Mount Royal Tennis Club. They put up a good fight, but unfortunately the opposition put up a better one, and Miss Edgars proved to be the victor — better luck next time!

The Easter Term was involved mainly with inter-house volleyball, of which Beta Lambda was the winner, and Delta Beta received the booby prize. There was also an outside inter-school volleyball tournament, held at Miss Edgars, of which we were the proud winners.

It has been a very satisfying and rewarding year in sports, and under Mrs. Wright's enthusiastic encouragement, next year is sure to be the same.

Margaret DeJong



1st BASKETBALL TEAM — BACK ROW — (left to right) — J. McMaster, D. Mackenzie, D. DeJong, L. Kerrigan, R. Tait. FRONT ROW — D. Mackenzie, M. DeJong (Captain), L. Banks. (Missing — E. Slaughter).



2nd BASKETBALL TEAM — BACK ROW — (left to right) — J. Elder, C. McLeod, J. Burke, S. McDougall (Captain), P. Mackenzie, L. Price. FRONT ROW — C. Beardmore, J. Skelton, P. Hampson, M. Minty.



TENNIS TEAM — (left to right) — J. McMaster, S. McDougall, P. Mackenzie, M. Minty, R. Tait.



1st VOLLEYBALL TEAM — BACK ROW — (left to right) — L. Bankes, P. Kirkpatrick, M. DeJong (Captain), R. Tait, D. Mackenzie. FRONT ROW — J. Burke, M. Minty, D. Mackenzie, S. McDougall.



2nd VOLLEYBALL TEAM — BACK ROW — (left to right) — Lyn Price, Carol Beardmore, Karen McKenna, Christie McLeod. FRONT ROW — Janet Saunderson, Daphne DeJong, Paddy Mackenzie, Peggy Hampson.



BETA LAMBDA

FIRST ROW — (left to right) — Vicki Gregory, Lisa McRoberts, Cathy Miller, Susan Scholes, Celia Rhea, Barbara Oliver, Sydney Fisher, Willa Black, Mary Dixon, Faith Hallward. *SECOND ROW* — Jill Ronsley, Kathy Munro, Cynthia Reid, Joan Sabler, Jane Fontein, Alison Gilbert, Jane Common, Vicki Harris. *THIRD ROW* — Debbie Penton, Patsy Porteous, Peggy Hallward, Carry MacDougall, Pamela Gilbert, Kathy Oliver, Heather Ratcliffe. *FOURTH ROW* — Sandy MacDougall, Diana Common, Jill Morton, Lucie Fontein, Jane Yuile, Ruth Common, Karen MacKenna, Paddy Mackenzie. *FIFTH ROW* — Tara Shaughnessy, Diana Cottingham, Sally Morgan-Grenville, Lucy Kerrigan (Games Captain), Louise Marin (House Head), Rosalie Sabler, Ruth Tait. *Absent* — Penny Rankin (Sub-Head).

Formality has taken a turn in Beta Lambda this year since "we" came into power: Did Caesar ever say, "Hey, kids, knock it off in the back"?

Ah! but friendship has flourished and despite the fact that we haven't exactly come out on top, it was fun. We'd like to thank all of you — and also a special thanks to Mrs. Reiffenstein who has weathered many years with us, also thanks to Mrs. Archer who unfortunately left in the middle of the year.

We'd wish you all the luck in the world next year — but that's too conventional — remember, however, that our idea of conventional thinking does **not** mean a regiment of lates, returns and rules . . .

So much "unconventional" luck and much luv "guys"!

Lu and Pen



DELTA BETA

BOTTOM ROW — (left to right) — W. Whittall, S. DeJong, D. Stevenson, H. Frosst, C. Birks, S. Isaacs, P. Carter, D. Durnford, J. Baxter, A. Marchant, S. Hyde. SECOND ROW — J. Creighton, A. Patch, C. Lennard, K. DeJong, L. Henderson, D. Peirce, P. Carter, H. Kyle. THIRD ROW — M. Doheny, J. Goddard, D. Baxter, J. Fisher, A. Nicholson, J. Durnford, L. Charbin. FOURTH ROW — D. DeJong, P. Kirkpatrick, P. Montgomery, M. Boswell, J. Skelton, M. Minty, L. Price, C. McKinnon. FIFTH ROW — C. McKinnon, D. Carter, A. Fisher (Sub-Head), M. DeJong (House-Head and Games Captain), M. Heller, D. Allison, J. Burfoot.

D is for Dearth of detentions and rules,
E is for Enthusiasm, which no losses can cool.
L is for Luck, which is part of the game,
T is for Top, for which we all aim.
A is for Action, in gym and in class,
B is for Basketball, (in which we came last!)
E is for Excellents, which everyone sought,
T is for Teachers: Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Scott.
A is for ALL, who deserve a great cheer,
for making this such a wonderful year!

Margaret DeJong
Amanda Fisher



KAPPA RHO

FRONT ROW — Susanna Birchwood, Carolyn Everson, Jill Hugesson, Louisa Oates. SECOND ROW — Patricia Carlson, Diane McCuaig, Margaret MacCallum, Jennifer Everson, Susan Coughlan, Gillian Wright, Diane Beardmore, Elizabeth Shaver, Stephanie Metrakus. THIRD ROW — Deirdre Demers, Patricia McMaster, Nadia Scarlat, Debbie Oates, Karen Bell, Susan Schwab, Debbie Thomas, Diana Wickham. FOURTH ROW — Corrie Terfloth, Mary Thornton, Anne Tobias, Julia Turner, Wendy Thomas, Wendy Goodall, Connie Everson, Karen Stacey. FIFTH ROW — Debby Savage, Peggy Hampson, Ann MacTavish, Jane Bourke, Carolyn Murphy, Terry Gentles, Carol Beardmore. BACK ROW — (left to right) — Jill McMaster (Head), Sarah Tobias, Alison Galt (Games Captain), Sylvia Little, Susie Oates, Danielle Verpaelst, Ginny Dixon (Sub-Head).

Absent — Elizabeth Slaughter.





MU GAMMA

FRONT ROW — (left to right) — Jackie Newcomb, Eva Vavruska, Cheryl Fleming, Susan Wrigley, Debbie Hall, Robin Rapoport, Heidi Borner. *SECOND ROW* — Susan Gray, Linda Cooper, Marion Hecht, Alexandra Reade, Jane Roper, Heather Pangman, Kathy Elder, Selina Stewart, Zoe Just. *THIRD ROW* — Julia Newcomb, Anne Sutherland, Anne Seymour, Lisa Pacun, Judy McKinnon, Elizabeth Federer, Marion Mitchell, Katie Dingle. *FOURTH ROW* — Gill Stikeman, Jane Calder, Sally Graham, Linda Pacun, Rosemary Engels, Louise Keefer, Deirdre Stoker. *FIFTH ROW* — Christie McLeod, Elizabeth Amsden, Janet Saunderson, Linda Sutherland, Susan Johnson, Patti Johnston, Elizabeth Reade. *SIXTH ROW* — Daphne Mackenzie, Judy Elder, Diana Mackenzie, Margot Louis, Leslie Banks, Janice Goodfellow, Cathy Newcomb.

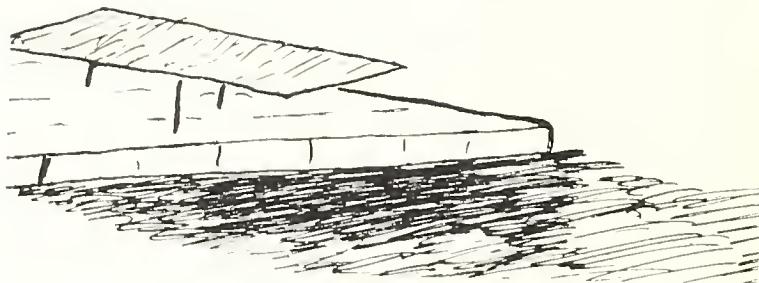
Absent — Jill Campbell, Janice Kraut.

When the house swears that it is made of rules,
We do believe it, though we know it lies;
Detentions, lates, returns — their bitter ghouls
To haunt our bitter spirits still arise.
Our desperate pleadings for a worthier show,
Miss Malachowski's urging of the same,
Miss Foster's, too, and Leslie's ardent glow
Appear to spark no ghost-defying flame.
Yet Cooper, Pacun, Louis, Hecht aspire
With excellents to bring a better cheer,
And Les has given us athletic fire
To show that zeal will bring success next year;
So shall you burn these rules that choke our pen,
And these once dead, there's no more losing then.

Diana MacKenzie, Margot Louis



I'M FLYING!



THE BAZAAR

The annual school bazaar this year was a great success. We made over \$2,000 which was donated to two very worthy charities: the Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission and the Unitarian Service Committee.

It was a very colourful sale, with many bright decorative posters made by the art classes. There was a new addition to the usual booths this year: we sold Christmas and home decorations which included white elephants and many artistic and decorative Christmas trimmings. There was also a "test your IQ" centre operated most successfully by Mme. Merley and two of the girls. One of the girls did portraits in pastels which was extremely popular.

There were also the traditional jams and jellies, and knitting and sewing counters, the fishpond, spookhouse and book departments. Perhaps the most successful of all was the baking and adult tea.

In all the bazaar was fantastic fun and we would like to thank everyone who helped to make it so successful.

GOOD LUCK
FROM
THE 6th FORM
AND
MRS REIFFENSTEIN

AND MANY, MANY, MANY, MANY, MANY, MORE TO FOLLOW!



THE FEDERATION

We once formed an organization that we called "The Federation". The raison d'être: to have a better inter-school relation and so unite the centres of the city's education.

The most important difficulty: lack of communication.

It certainly took courage to begin the operation, but from all our good intentions came a certain consternation. However, in despite of this unfortunate complication, remember that the Study Centre was our own creation, and to all the schools: success will come, with true cooperation.

Diana Mackenzie



STAFF NOTES

Next year will mark the beginning of a new era at The Study. We are sorry to see so many of the school's teachers going.

Our third Headmistress and Upper School History teacher, Miss Lamont, is leaving. Mrs. Scott, who has been the Vice-Principal since January, will be the new Headmistress. Miss Foster will take the position of Vice-Principal. The Upper and Middle School mathematics teachers, Mrs. Reiffenstein and Miss Malachowski (who also taught German) are both retiring. Mme. Merley, Mrs. Jones, and our newcomer Mrs. Stern (who replaced Mrs. Archer) are all going. We had two music teachers this year — Mrs. Cameron, who left at Christmas, and Mrs. MacCallum (Doris Killam) will be in charge of the music next year.

Next year Mrs. Ronsley is returning to teach in the Middle School.

As we go to press, we congratulate Miss Perkin on her appointment as Headmistress of St. Clements School in Toronto.

Ginny Dixon



BIRTHS

To Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Marshall (Diana Stephens), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Adams (Linda Frosst), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. James Davenport (Nina de Bury), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. David O'Brien (Gail Corneil), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Brian Timmins (Diana King), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Robert Gibson (Lorna Birks), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Abrams (Tondra Carlson), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Jopling (Margaret Lynne Jaques), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Lentz (Caroline White), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Rene Fitzpatrick (Susan Darling), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Clubb (Catherine Peters), a daughter.
To Dr. & Mrs. Gordon Hall (Susanne Meagher), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Tingley (Sara Thornton), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Robert Holland (Judy Crocker), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Peers (Diana Gaherty), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. John Waterston (Dorothy McIntosh), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Evans (Judy Darling), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Nicolas Motassian (Martha McMaster), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs Peter Morgan (Prudence Heward), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Kingsley Jackson (Susan Eversfield), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Rogers (Margaret Wallace), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Philippe Berard (Mary Louise McDougall), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Max Roemer (Jill Jenkins), a daughter.
To Dr. & Mrs. Alan Frosst (Wilsie Baxter), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs John D. Wilkie (Myra Riddell), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Donald B. Wilkie (Penny Hugman), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Ridley (Diana McLernon), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Keith Lawes (Judy Northey), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Rawdon Jackson (Sally Meakins), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. David Chalmers (Mary Darling), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Josef Wenk (Caroll Campbell), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Hyde (Susan Burtch), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. John Curtis (Ann Pepall), a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Ann Barclay to Mr. Brendan Patrick Anthony Power.
Wendy Rankin to Mr. Winhard Uwe Bohme.
Anne Pepall to Mr. John Margeson Curtis.
Joan Traversy to Mr. Edmund Manfred Meitner.
Louise Whitaker to Mr. Robert Eugene Bianchi.
Ann McRobie to Mr. Michael Porter Carroll.
Lindsay Scott to Mr. Victor J. H. Sothren.
Ann Thurn to Mr. Gerard Daniel Mazur.
Judy Bonnar to Mr. Alan Murdock MacMillan.
Louise Mathias to Mr. Rinaldo Antonino Vocisano.
Randall Wohl to Mr. Robert D. Westreich.
Elizabeth Stikeman to Mr. William Brian Rose.
Barbara Francis to Mr. Peter A. Stuart.
Anne de Martigny to Mr. Thomas Raymond Smith III.
Sally (Porteous) Lowndes to Mr. Charles Fisher.
Mary Joseph to Mr. Anthony John Harrison.
Jennifer Dixon to Mr. Ian Von Verg.
Lilian Stein to Mr. John David Howick.

DEATHS

On July 20th, 1969, Eleanor Mary Harbert.
On August 8th, 1969, Pamela Louise Hamilton (née Seymour).
On January 14th, 1970, Helen Sarah Hague.
On January 20th, 1970, Amy Hannah Hancock.
On January 21st, 1970, Margaret Eilene Barr (née Gordon)
— the first Head Girl of The Study.
On April 2nd, 1970, Diane Elizabeth Molson Hancock (née Mather).



NEWS OF LAST YEAR'S SIXTH FORM

The 'newest' Old Girls, last year's Sixth Form, are scattered over the globe this year. Exactly one half of the girls are in Europe. Five, Joanne McEwen, Andrea Copping, Martha Gunn, Sally Pepall and Meg Doyle are attending Neuchatel in Switzerland. Also taking advantage of the Swiss Alps for an atmosphere encouraging skiing as well as studying, are Susie Cape at Brillamont in Lausanne, Virginia Morse at Fleming College in Lugano, Rosanne Simard at Institute Montesano in Gstaad, and Gail Flintoft at Lacombe. In other parts of Europe, Beth Lewis is at school in England, while Lynn Birks is becoming tri-lingual at St. Stephens in Rome.

On this side of the ocean, four girls are at Bishops this year. They are Gail Johnston, Jill Parton, Daphne MacLean and Penny Smith. On the home front, Julia Harris and Janet Johnston are stationed at McGill, while Rosalie Parsons and Penny Park are at Sir George, Martha Howlett and Gill Creasor are at Loyola, and Diana Lafleur is experimenting with the new English CEGEP, Dawson College.

Janet Johnston

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Elizabeth Marlin is completing her course in medicine at the Westminster Hospital in London. She has won the Hancock prize in surgery, the second woman ever to do so.

We congratulate Mrs. Frueh on her degree as Master of Arts in Library Science and the following on their Bachelors' degrees — Jorie Adams, Lizette Gilday, Roslyn Horwood, Xenia Kirkpatrick, Claire Marler, Angela Pyke and Mary Pat Stephens from McGill University, Beverley Birks from Cornell University, Carol Frueh from Smith College, Kathy Kerrigan from the University of New Brunswick, and Penny Dolman from Sir George Williams University.

Ricki Zinman has secured admission to the seven-year course in medicine at McGill University.

In Memoriam

MISS HELEN SARAH HAGUE

Some years ago, actually before any of the present Study girls were born, Helen Hague was a member of the staff of The Study. She afterwards joined the Women's Army Corps, took a degree in Library Science upon demobilization, and then became Headmistress of St. Helen's School, Dunham, till her retirement in 1956. Her many friends were saddened to hear of her death last January.

There are many, many Study Old Girls who remember Miss Hague as one of the most dynamic teachers of their youth. Her intense love of anything to do with the history of Canada, her profound knowledge of history in general, enabled her to draw the most vivid and unforgettable pictures of events which are well known, as well as those which sometimes go unnoticed. There is scarcely a stick or stone in the vicinity of Montreal that did not conjure up for her the personalities of the past that haunt the present scene, and many groups of students accompanied her on tours of exploration into the older parts of our city, with feelings of excitement which equalled those of the explorers of early days.

A member of a well-known Canadian family, Helen Hague was educated at King's Hall, Compton, and later in England. She took her B.A. and M.A. degrees at McGill. Her passionate love of the past was coupled with a vital interest in the affairs of the present. Education to her meant the full development of the individual, as shown by her own wide interests. When Miss Hague left The Study her loss must have been felt as acutely as when she left St. Helen's. No one who worked or studied with her remained untouched by her forceful and stimulating personality or her scholarly approach to all things academic.

MISS A. H. HANCOX

Miss Hancox joined our staff in 1927 and remained at The Study until her retirement in 1949. She taught English in the Upper School. She was also very interested in dramatics. "Androcles and the Lion" by Bernard Shaw would be considered a difficult play for Lower V and Upper IV but Miss Hancox tackled it and the result was a great deal of enjoyment for both actors and audience. Goldsmith's play "She Stoops to Conquer" was another memorable event. She also encouraged the children to produce plays themselves and many Study Old Girls will look back and be grateful for her inspiration.

My personal memories are full of gratitude to Miss Hancox and to Miss Seath for the help they gave in several musical plays, including "Rumpelstiltskin," "Cinderella" and "Hansel and Gretel."

Miss Hancox was born in England. She died at her home in West Shefford, P.Q.

MISS ELEANOR HARBERT

On Sunday, July 20th, 1969, Eleanor Harbert's life came to completion. Throughout, its outstanding characteristic has been service; service to her family and friends, her church, her school. After more than 20 years on the staff of The Study she retired in 1962. But as long as she was physically able to do so, she responded joyfully and willingly to the very many calls for help that came her way — and one always went for help to Miss Harbert! Help with the library, that she had started, help with costumes for plays, with invigilations during examinations, with breads and jams and jellies for the bazaar. Many a problem was solved by her ingenious and original ideas, by her clear thinking and quiet counsel. Her love of teaching, her devotion to her pupils and friends have left their mark on the school and will never be lost, for it is people — all the people — and their spirit, that make The Study what it is.

